

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

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Review of New Books.

The Travels of Theodore Ducas, in Various Countries of Europe at the Revival of Letters and Art. Edited by Charles Mills, 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 789. London, 1822.

We are quite at a loss to know what singular mischance has thrown a man of such real talents and modest worth, as Charles Mills, into the clutches of the Leviathan of Paternoster Row; and yet we have seen this gentleman to much greater advantage than in his Travels of Ducas. But we presume that the book-mongering junto, who deal out volumes as Tristram Fickle studied them, by the cubit foot, have such a number of literary Swiss in their pay, that they deem it necessary now and then to avail themselves of some honest and able author, on the same principle that the devil is said to do right sometimes in order to secure his license for doing wrong. Be this as it may, we look only to a work, not to its author or bookseller; nor shall the contemptible and dishonourable measures (amounting nearly to a conspiracy) resorted to by the publishers to whom we allude, to injure *The Literary Chronicle*, make us withhold one iota of praise we think due to any work they may usher into the world.

Theodore Ducas, a Greek, we are told, arrived in Rome in 1514, and was then in his fourteenth year; under the tuition of Theodore Lascaris and his friends, he derived his education, and, in the course of six years, acquired the Latin language and some of the vernacular idioms of Europe. He then set out on his travels: intellectual travels these are, as they relate almost exclusively to the state of literature and the arts of Europe, during the first half of the sixteenth century; of which this work gives not a novel, but a very able and comprehensive account. We will not, however, follow Mr. Mills or Theodore Ducas through their travels, (and we know not how much of them may belong to the editor) but detach a few characteristic sketches. Of Leo X. who

has had a more able biographer, we are told that his only relaxation was in music:—

‘He was himself a good musician, and used the great power of his station in encouraging the science. He promoted some men in the church, solely on account of the improvements which they made in the choral service. But his favourite amusement was the chase. The affairs of the Papacy often were suspended for several days together, on account of his excessive devotion to this description of pleasure. The man who threw any interruption in the way of the chase was never pardoned. The close of a successful day of hunting was the best time for soliciting a favour from the pope. In many other parts of his conduct he was unclerical. By his command, the Mandragolo of Machiavelli and other comedies, licentious and impious, were acted in the Vatican, for the amusement of himself and the cardinals. In his mode of performing the church service, so far from being the thirteenth apostle, as my learned countryman, Arsenius, called him, he often scandalized the orthodox. He was so little impressed with the sacredness of prayer, that he could put on his slippers and receive the crosier in the midst of the service: and yet, on occasions of particular solemnity, he was able to assume a grace and majesty of manner, that well accorded with the pomp of Roman Catholic worship.’

We hasten over the first chapter to get to an account of the artists at Rome at this period; and the first that presents himself is Raffaello, of whose merits as an artist, we have a good estimate:—

‘Some eminent connoisseurs think that Raffaello owes his reputation to the excellence of his frescoes in the Vatican; that in his easel works his hand appears cramped and confined; that in these performances he lost his facility and spirit, and even his correctness; and that, in short, he is not the same man in oil as in fresco. Much of this opinion is founded on too exclusive an admiration for the imaginary grandeur of painting, and of referring all merit to the standard of this ideal excellence. Many of his oil paintings are noble proofs of the incorrectness of these sentiments; and I need only refer to the picture of Christ on Mount Thabor, as the acknowledged perfection of the art, and the greatest single effort of Raffaello’s ge-

nus. This, also, (the Transfiguration, as it is called,) was his last performance. From early manhood his conduct had shown that the pleasures of the imagination too often lead to those of the senses; and, unhappily, the tone of morals in Italy does not correspond with evangelical purity. So that Raffaello painted, every folly was permitted him; and while he was delineating the history of Psyche for Agostino Chigi, his employer, in order to detain him, allowed his mistress to dwell in the palace. She was called La Fornarina, for her father was a baker. The epithet bella was generally attached to the name; but more from compliment to Raffaello than from the feeling which beauty inspires, for her features were not handsome, and when the usual vacancy of her countenance was betrayed into a transient expression of amatory passion, her animation, I thought, was calculated rather to offend the delicacy than to fascinate the imagination of a man of genius. The Cardinal Bibbiena, with real friendship, offered his niece to Raffaello in marriage; and the splendid gift, no artist, eminent as he might be, could refuse. But inalienable attachment to old habits continually delayed the nuptials, and at last Raffaello fell ill of a fever, the consequence of weakness. His physicians, in ignorance of the cause of his sickness, ordered frequent bleeding; and his disease became mortal. Finding that his end was approaching, he made his will, and prepared to die in the manner which his religion prescribed. He provided for his mistress; he purchased the prayers of the church for his soul, and apportioned the remainder of the fortune which his talents had acquired, between his favourite pupils, Giulio Romano, Francesco Penni, and a relation at Urbino. Finally, on Good Friday, 1520, the day corresponding to that of his birth thirty-seven years before, Raffaello expired. There is a story in the world, that he died of a shameful and loathsome disease: but the facts were as I have stated them. The grief at Rome which his death occasioned was in proportion to the celebrity of his life; and no testimony of sorrow could be more affecting and simple, no orator could so well describe the irreparable loss which the arts had sustained, than the placing of the picture of the Transfiguration over his mortal remains, in the chamber wherein he died.’

Of the splendid talents of Michael Angelo, called here somewhat affectedly

Michelangiolo, there is nothing new to be said, 'his cotemporaries awarded him the highest praise, and posterity has confirmed his claim to it. We shall therefore select a few particulars relating to this great man not immediately connected with his profession :—

'The union of virtue and genius has never been more conspicuous in any individual than in Bonarruoti. His life has not been shaded by any immorality. He has talked of, and written poems on, love, more like a Platonist than an ordinary man, and his friends have never heard him utter a word that is inconsistent with perfect purity. He held in deepest admiration, Vittoria Colonna, Marchioness of Pescara, the most accomplished woman of her age. She frequently went from Viterbo to Rome, in order to contemplate his works and to enjoy his society. He visited her in her last moments, and it was observed by his friends as a proof of the simplicity and elevation of his mind, that he often afterwards lamented he had not on that occasion imprinted a kiss of respectful affection on her lips. He has never been married, and he once answered a friend's lamentation that he had no family to whom he could leave his fortune, by saying, "my art is my wife, and that is a sufficient subject of care and anxiety; and my works in the fine arts are the children that I shall leave behind me. The relations of Lorenzo Ghiberti have long since wasted the pecuniary results of his abilities and labour, but the bronze doors which he affixed to the church of San Giovanni, at Florence, deserve to be the gates of Paradise, and will give immortal reputation to his name."

'Michelangiolo has lived with patriarchal simplicity of manners: he is generous to his friends, kind in manner, except to the presumptuously ignorant, and of a beneficent and tender disposition. Being a skilful mechanic, he prepared his own scaffolding for his first great work in the Sistine Chapel, and liberally gave the profits of the machinery to the poor carpenter who executed his orders. He made a donation of two thousand crowns to his servant Urbino, to prevent the necessity of his seeking a new service in case of his master's death. But the attendant died first. Michelangiolo, though more than eighty years of age, consoled his last moments, and nothing can be more amiable than the manner in which he describes his loss. In a letter to a friend, he says, that he who had in life made life valuable to him, had in death taught him to die, not only without regret, but with desire of death. "He was a most faithful servant to me for twenty-six years, and when I hoped to find him the staff and repose of my old age, he is taken from me, and there remains only the hope of seeing him in Paradise. That he has gone thither, God has shown to me by the tranquillity of his death. The thoughts of death did not distress him so much as the

idea of leaving me in this treacherous world with so many troubles about me."

On the death of Michael Angelo, Ducas went to the church of St. Apostoli, and witnessed his funeral. 'All Rome was crowded within the walls, and the grief that was marked in the countenances, or expressed in the manner of the spectators, testified the sentiment that the loss was irreparable. I need not describe the funeral solemnities, for they had nothing in them that was remarkable; but there was a deep pathos in enclosing the body with a robe of green velvet, the distinction of Florentine citizenship. The whole public and domestic life of the artist came at once before my mind, when I beheld the characteristic vesture of his country serving for his grave clothes.

'Notwithstanding these ceremonies in St. Apostoli, a foreign land was not destined to retain his relics. Leonardo Bonarruoti opened the tomb about a fortnight afterwards, and secretly conveyed the remains to Florence, where he deposited them in the family sepulchre in the church of Santa Croce—thus fulfilling the desire often expressed by Michelangiolo, that his bones should repose near those of his father. Public gratitude and veneration to the memory of a man who had reflected such honour upon Tuscany, yet remained to be expressed. The painters and sculptors of Florence were peculiarly zealous in desiring that his obsequies should be solemnized in a manner calculated to evince their sense of the obligations which his genius had conferred on the arts.'

Our author next gives us an account of the state of literature, and the fine arts at Naples, Perugia, and Sierra, and then proceeds to Florence, the description of which concludes the first volume. From this part of the subject we shall only quote a criticism on the literary merits of Boccaccio and his Decamerone; after noticing the poetical talents of Boccaccio, our author proceeds:—

'It is, however, as the father of Italian prose, that Boccaccio stands pre-eminent. He gave it richness, purity, and harmony. Whether such was his wish or not, his fame rests on his novels, and of those, on the Decamerone chiefly. It is generally said that he depended for immortality on his Latin works only: and that he wrote his Italian pieces for relaxation of mind. This assertion may be opposed by the fact, that his novels are far longer and more numerous than his other pieces, and that, at the conclusion of the Decamerone, he often complains of the *lunga fatica* of his work. Towards the close of his life, he certainly regretted that so much licentiousness had fallen from his pen; and this opinion gave rise, perhaps, to the assertion which I have mentioned.

'Of the Decamerone I must say a few words. Boccaccio supposes, that during

the dreadful pestilence which raged through Europe in the fourteenth century, and which devastated the rich and populous city of Florence in the year 1348, seven young ladies and three gentlemen retired to a beautiful house and garden, a short distance from the city, and diverted the time by telling tales. Each person told one tale a-day. Ten days formed the time of the continuance of the party, and, therefore, the compound word Decamerone is given to the budget of stories. It is an amusing proof of Boccaccio's fondness for Greek literature, that he has given a Greek title to his book, and Greek names to the ladies and gentlemen who recite the tales. To assemble several persons, whose object it is to narrate tales, is a common artifice in oriental literature, and was well known in Europe in Boccaccio's time, by French and Latin translations of a collection of Asiatic fictions, called the Seven Wise Men. The machinery which surrounds the Decamerone has been imitated by several succeeding writers. Chaucer has adopted the fashion which the popularity of Boccaccio gave rise to, of investing tales in a dramatic form: but he has infinitely improved on his original, by collecting a number of pilgrims, who agreed to deceive the road, by telling tales. Each person speaks agreeably to his character and circumstances; and the judicious appropriation of stories to individuals is a great subject for the exercise of the author's ingenuity. The want of this harmony makes Boccaccio's machinery occasionally appear cumbrous. Besides, as pilgrimages were often made excursions of pleasure as well as of religion, the telling of tales was a natural part of the entertainment, much more conformable to situation than an amusement of that sort in the midst of a public calamity.

'Few of the tales in the Decamerone are the perfect creations of Boccaccio's genius. Most of them existed already in a rude shape. The collection of tales called the *Gesta Romanorum*, by Peter Berchorius, prior of the Benedictine convent of St. Eloy at Paris, was a very favourite work in the fourteenth century, when it was written, as well as in after times. Boccaccio has occasionally drawn from it. He calls his master Leontius an inexhaustible archive of Grecian tales and fables. Hence many Oriental and Greek fictions are to be met with in the Decamerone. Boccaccio likewise borrowed from the *Trouveurs* of the north and the *Troubadours* of the south of France. Italian cities were in Boccaccio's time so much infested by vagrant French minstrels, that their excesses were made the subject of municipal regulation. Some germs of the Decamerone are to be found in the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius, in the tales of the *Seven Wise Men*, and others in the collection of popular stories called the *Cento Novelle Antiche*. Many had been long the hereditary property of the travelling Italian minstrels, and not a few were mere village stories. The proud lord, the polite

that the references mark the volumes and pages in which they appeared:—

1. *Cobbett's Vanity*.—‘I will allow of no living competitor: nor of any dead one, except Paine.—v. 30, p. 90.

‘I have been “the great enlightener of the people.”—v. 35, p. 486.

‘I made wisdom to come forth out of the mouths of babes and sucklings.—v. 32, p. 530.

‘My stock of reputation and of popular confidence is exceeded by that of no man.—v. 35, p. 501.

‘There is in England no subject which excites so much public interest, as the character and conduct of William Cobbett.—v. 16, p. 117.

‘Had I not written, it is hardly possible to conceive the base and dejected state in which the nation would have been.—v. 35, p. 486.

‘If there had been a man in Parliament to speak my pamphlets, England would, at this day, have been free and happy.—v. 33, p. 453.’

2. *Cobbett's Love of Truth*.—‘I have had in my possession Paine's “Age of Reason,” ever since the year 1796. I never read a line of either of the parts, till the period of Mr. Eaton's prosecution. *I have now read them all*; and I do not find in them any of that ribaldry or mockery, that have been so much talked of. They are sober argumentative essays.—Register, May, 1812.

‘I never read Paine's Age of Reason until the 14th of last December.—Register, Jan. 27, 1820.

‘As to Paine's Age of Reason, *I never read a page of it* until within these two months.—Address to the Freemen of Coventry, March, 1820.’

We not only find Cobbett thus contradicting himself as to fact, but he varies as much as to opinion. We have already seen that he says they are free from ribaldry and mockery, and are sober argumentative essays. Now it so happens, that so far back as 1796, he actually published in America, and republished in London in 1801, a pamphlet, intitled ‘Observations on the Age of Reason,’ in which pamphlet he stigmatizes that performance as ‘the wild incoherent blasphemy of a wretch, who would have turned Turk, Jew, or even eunuch, for an extraordinary biscuit or a bundle of straw;’ and declares, that the motive that led the ‘raggamuffin deist’ to compose this work, ‘was no other than that of saving his ugly uncombed locks from the guillotine.’

3. *Cobbett's Consistency*.—*America*.—‘The Americans are the least criminal people in the whole world.—v. 24, p. 550.

‘The Americans are the most unprincipled people in the whole world.—v. 13, p. 490.

‘America is well governed, and so hap-

py are the people, that there is no misery in the land. There are not as many crimes committed there in a year, as are committed in England in one week, or perhaps one day.—v. 31, p. 354.

‘The government of America is one of the worst in the world. There is no such thing as real liberty in the country. The people are the most profligately dishonest that I have ever heard described.—v. 12, p. 489.’

4. *Paine*.—‘The memory of that able writer and profound politician, Thomas Paine, is calumniated by all the corrupt, the foolish, and the ungrateful.—v. 33, p. 59.

‘To Paine I bequeath a strong hemp-collar, as the only legacy that is worthy of him, as well as best adapted to render his death as infamous as his life.—v. 5, p. 204.

‘In no part of the “Age of Reason” does Paine speak in terms of impious irreverence of God: he praises God, and calls upon his readers to reverence his name; and this, too, in a strain of eloquence, the equal of which I never met with in any sermon.—v. 35, p. 725.

‘The “Age of Reason” is as despicable as its author. The wretch has, all his life, been employed in leading fools astray from their duty. His religion is of a piece with his politics; one inculcates the right of revolting against government, and the other against God.—v. 3, p. 889.

‘Though Thomas Paine was no Christian, he was no blasphemer: he offers no indignity unto God himself.—v. 35, p. 725.

‘Paine was a cruel, treacherous, and blasphemous ruffian. He was a traitor; and a traitor is the foulest fiend upon earth.—v. 4.’

‘*Burke*.—Burke's works are the true touchstone in politics.—v. 2, p. 508. Mr. Burke was the most eloquent of orators, the profoundest of statesmen, the ornament of his country, and the prop of sinking liberty, morality, and religion.—v. 7, p. 103.

‘Burke was a reptile alarmist, an apostate, the worst of mankind. Only think of “the Burke School!” Just as if that unprincipled declaimer were the founder of some set of rules and maxims in politics and government!—v. 34, p. 1007.’

‘*Sir Francis Burdett*.—‘No man doubts the integrity of Sir F. Burdett.—A. R. p. 738.

‘The word of Sir Francis Burdett is not worth a straw.—v. 34, p. 415.

‘Sir Francis Burdett has never deviated from the path of political rectitude. Learned, eloquent, and sober, he is a most formidable foe to corruption.—A. R. p. 657.—On his integrity, his courage, and his ability, we have all a firm reliance.—v. 31, p. 179.—He has devoted his life to the liberties of his country.—v. 31, p. 311.

‘To reason with such a man as Burdett would be absurd. He must be combated with weapons very different from a pen. We abhor the principles and conduct of

the man; we detest and loath him; we would trample upon him for his false, base, and insolent assertions respecting our sovereign.—v. 2, p. 84.

‘Sir F. Burdett is the least conceited man I ever saw.—A. R. p. 783.

‘The conceit of the Baronet is intolerable.—v. 34, p. 320.

‘We feel that Sir Francis Burdett is our best friend. We participate in his principles. We rely on his talents and integrity.—v. 11, p. 990.

‘The Baronet is hated by the few, and despised by the many. Towards him, not one single soul in the country has a friendly feeling.—v. 34, p. 423.

‘Well, then, the base Baronet is exposed at last. I had him on the agonizing rack; and you [Cartwright] have given him the *coup-de-grace*. I shall give him *one blow more*; and if he, when he has got that, do not, in a *cross-road's grave*, seek refuge from the scorn of mankind, he will prove himself more insensible than brass or marble.—v. 34, p. 1081.

Buonaparte.—Buonaparte was represented as an usurper and an oppressor. The representation was untrue.—v. 32, p. 475.

‘Buonaparte was an usurper, a rebel, a tyrant, and an apostate.—v. 2, p. 801.

Universal Suffrage.—‘My thorough conviction is, that nothing short of universal suffrage would be just.—v. 31, p. 546.

‘Talk not to me of your sovereign people and your universal suffrage. They are empty sounds.—v. 7, p. 389.

Tobacco.—‘How will any man dare to call himself a reformer who will not abstain from the use of that disgust-creating thing, tobacco! The French taught me the habit of taking *snuff*. But it has required only a very little effort to get rid of the filthy encumbrance.—v. 35, p. 695. Jan. 1820.

‘During the time of the Coventry election, one of the corners of my *snuff box*, which stuck out beyond the bottom of my little finger, did good service. It cut the eyes and noses of the savages at a famous rate.—v. 36, p. 102. March, 1820.

The People.—‘The insolent hirelings call the people the “mob,” the “rabble,” the “scum,” the “swinish multitude.” Will they never cease to look upon them as brutes?—v. 31, p. 450.

‘There is no falsehood too gross for the swinish multitude to swallow.—P. p. 182.

—Give me any thing but mobs; for mobs are the devil in his worst shape.—W. v. 3, p. 63.

‘The lower orders have a hundred thousand times more talent than the higher orders.—v. 34, p. 979.—Questions of political economy are as familiar to them as buttermilk and oat-meal.—v. 32, p. 1042.

‘Through all my volumes, there will not be found one single sentiment calculated to obtain favour with the senseless multitude. A flatterer of the mob is the most despicable of parasites.—v. 3, p. 782.

'The friendship of the mob is now a very valuable possession.—v. 34, p. 305.—We have now an intelligent, a reading people.—v. 32, p. 472.—The reformers can form themselves into little reading parties, and buy my paper.—v. 35, p. 575.—Two or three journeymen can spare a half penny or three farthings each a week.—v. 31, p. 499.

'The people are, 1. "a boisterous host;" 2. "the ignorant multitude;" 3. "that many-headed monster, the versatile, venal, stupid, and ferocious mob;" 4. "a set of beings whom I cannot call men;" 5. "wretches, rough-headed wretches;" 6. "the stupid public;" 7. "two-legged brutes;" 8. "the silly people of England."—v. 1, *passim*.

'4. *Cobbett's Prophecies*.—No diminution of the quantity of bank-notes can take place.—v. 16, p. 408. 1809.

'The dollar has risen to 5s. 6d., and why should it not continue to rise? Therefore hoard dollars.—v. 19, p. 901.

'This day two years, a thousand pounds of stock will not be worth a silver sixpence.—Sept. 19, 1818.

'If a man were to hoard a thousand sovereigns, and keep them for not a very long time, they would procure him four times as much as he could now purchase with that 1,000 sovereigns.—v. 38, p. 373. Feb. 1821.

'*Advice to Farmers' Wives*.—You can get silver at present. Put that by. You will shortly find it valuable. Give a pound note and two shillings to get a guinea. Give a pound note and a shilling to get a sovereign. You will soon find that a treasure of bank notes is very little better than a treasure of cockle-shells, or of leaves of flowers.—v. 38, p. 666. March, 1821.

5. *Cobbett's Moral Virtues*.—When Cobbett returned to America, in 1817, he published an Address to the Americans, assuring them, 'there was no truth in the report that he had left England in debt, since he was making, at the time, more than ten thousand a-year in clear money.' This Address is dated the second of May. On the eighth of May (only six days after) he dispatched a 'Register' to England, in which he not only states to his readers that he *did* leave England in debt, but gives the following atrocious notice to his creditors:—

'I hereby publicly give notice, to every person with whom I may have any pecuniary engagements, that if they proceed to any acts of legal malice; that if they give any obstruction to the performance of any thing that may be to my advantage, and that may tend to alleviate in some small degree the blow which the borough-mongers have given me in a pecuniary way; I hereby solemnly give notice to all such persons, be they who they may, that I will not only never pay them one single farthing, if I should have heaps of

money, but that, on the contrary, I shall consider them as *aiders and abettors* of the borough-mongers, and that, whenever the *day of justice* shall arrive, I will act towards them accordingly.'—v. 32, p. 480.

In December, 1817, he transmitted a sort of circular from America to his creditors, in which he promulgates his new code of honesty as follows:—

'I hold it to be perfectly just, that I should never, in any way whatever, give up one single farthing of my future earnings to the payment of my debts in England. When the society is too weak or unwilling to defend the property, whether mental or of a more ordinary and vulgar species, and where there is not the will or the power in the society to yield him protection, he becomes clearly absolved of all his engagements of every sort to that society; because, in every bargain of every kind, it is understood, that both the parties are to continue to enjoy the protection of the laws of property.'

Cobbett's Charity.—'I was sentenced to pay a fine of 1,000l. to the king! Aye, to the king! I have three sons; and, if any one of them ever forgets this, may he that instant be—not stricken dead; but, worse than that, bereft of his senses! May he become both rotten and mad. May he, after having been a gabbling, slaving, half idiot, all the prime of his life, become, in his last days, loathsome to the sight, and stinking in the nostrils.—v. 22, p. 90.'

'Amongst the mass of the people, the assassination of Percival has been a subject of great joy. Alas, how fleeting are human triumphs! He was not able to protect himself against a little bit of lead scarcely surpassing in bulk a knot in a cat-o-nine-tails.—v. 21, p. 626.

And yet this man, who has the impudence to ask in one of his Registers, 'is there any thing savouring of cowardly malice and cruelty to be found in my Register? Is there any sentiment which would authorise a belief, that the writer would be content to owe the safety of himself or his country to the hand of an assassin? If there be such a sentiment, from the first page I ever wrote in my life, to that which is now under my hand, *I will suffer that hand to be burnt from my body*.'—v. 2, p. 488.

In the selections we have made from this little manual of Cobbett's infamy, we have avoided as much as possible what may be called his public principles; his hints for the assassination of Bonaparte and afterwards of Wellington; his plan for ruining the Bank of England by the forgery of notes; and his chuckling anticipations of his 'Day of Justice,' when Earls Grey and St. Vincent shall be compelled to give up their estates, and when a hundred blazing fires shall exterminate the Bri-

tish government. Cobbett's last hope and wish we take as the climax:—

'If any serious alarm take place with regard to the funds, half London will be in a state of starvation. If that body of half a million of working people and their families are once put into a state of distress, equal to that of the country people at this moment, there will be a speedy end to this tyranny, the head of which being lopped off, the members will cease to move. In London one hundred thousand hard-fisted men are assembled in an hour. They would not fall upon butchers, bakers, and millers. They would seize the *cause* by the neck, and twist its head off. There only wants *deep distress* amongst the working people in London; in case of such a rising, no military would have any effect. St. Stephen's Chapel would be demolished in ten minutes. To destroy the whole thing, root and branch, would not take a *day*. With a *hundred great fires* blazing all at once, all that the government would be able to do, would be to flee. Parliament House, Palaces, Bank—and *all*, would disappear in four and twenty hours!!!—v. 30, p. 687.'

We have to apologise to our readers for occupying so much of their attention on a sixpenny pamphlet; but we could not permit such unexampled delinquency as Cobbett has shewn during a course of thirty years to pass unnoticed; and we trust that this unblushing profligate will be compelled to run the gauntlet of the whole British press, and that every one will give him a lash, until he is hooted from public society; or until his very name shall become a bye-word and a reproach.

Memoires of the last Ten Years of the Reign of George the Second. By Horace Walpole, Lord Orford.

(Continued from p. 165.)

THE second volume of this singular but valuable appendage to English history, commences with the year 1756. The earlier part of this year is occupied in details of the proceedings in Parliament, and the history of Lord Bute's favour, which involves his often reported intrigue with the Princess of Wales*. Of this fact there has long been little doubt, but we are sorry to see the story revived in these *Memoires*, and wish that, as part of the story has been suppressed, the whole of it had been struck out. The loss of Minorca and the trial of Byng are the next important events in these

* The intercourse between Bute and the Princess of Wales was generally believed at the time; ballads, stating the fact, were sung in every street, and the metropolis was often paraded by a mob, bearing the Princess in effigy, with a *boot* suspended by her side.—REV.

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cavalier, the lovely damsel, the cruel and avaricious father, coquettes, and cuckolds, luxurious monks, and crafty friars, were common members of society in Boccaccio's time, and he has introduced them into his tales in every possible variety of exhibition. He gave vitality and spirit to the meagre forms of ancient fiction, and his pictures of his contemporaries are striking and faithful. The elegance of the narratives, the richness and naïveté of the style, the wit of the conversation, the remarks on life, the poetic grace of description; in short, the genius of the whole must be claimed by Boccaccio alone.

There is unhappily much in the *Decamerone* that offends delicacy; and yet the poems were written for the amusement of the ladies, *per cacciare la malinconia delle femine*, as the author says. It has been well and pointedly remarked, that Boccaccio has been less scrupulous in violating the laws of morals, which we receive from God, than in shocking the rules that regulate the purity of language, and which proceed only from the will and caprice of men. Some passages have even been construed into a contempt of religion. His wit may not, perhaps, always be under restraint, and occasionally improper expressions may have escaped him in censuring the profligacy of the monastic orders. Indeed, whenever any act of peculiar sensuality and atrocity is to be performed, a monk is the actor. It was surmised that his laughter at false relics proceeded from a secret contempt for religion. None of his stories gave greater scandal than that wherein he describes a witty preacher imposing upon his congregation a parrot's feather for a feather dropt from the wing of the angel Gabriel, and some common coals as part of the fire which had roasted Saint Laurence. But no man was more free from the vanity or hardness of impiety than Boccaccio. His various books abound with passages expressive of religious awe; and, indeed, in his large work on the heathen gods, he even proposes the modest doubt whether such a subject can with propriety be treated by a Christian. It is no wonder that the monastic clergy have always inveighed against the *Decamerone*. But they never succeeded in impeding its popularity. It was too consonant with the taste of the world for authority to overthrow it. The young and the gay read it for its scenes of pleasure; the man of the world admired its lively pictures of human nature; and the scholar found in it the treasures of Italian prose. Once only did the monks prevail. At Florence, in the year 1497, the monk Savonarola persuaded the people to destroy all the copies which they possessed of the *Decamerone*. Dante and Petrarca were similarly honoured.

The remainder of the first volume is devoted to an account of the state of letters and art in Florence in the time of the Medici.

(To be continued.)

A Critical and Analytical Dissertation on the Names of Persons. By John Henry Brady. 12mo. pp. 56. London, 1822.

MR. BRADY, who translated the 'Life and Adventures of Guzman d'Alfarche, the Spanish Rogue,' seems to be an arch rogne himself; for, in his preface, he says,—

'Should any critic condescend to bestow his time in commenting upon a trivial work of this nature, I beg to recommend him, before he proceeds to "run it down," to consider seriously of what his name is composed; for should there be found any thing in it ridiculous, or expressive of any part of his real character, which he would not chose to see in print, he may be assured that I shall take ample vengeance upon him, by publishing a second edition, for the express purpose of introducing him to the public in a true light. He had far better, therefore, either say something in my favour, or permit me, at least, to die a natural death.'

With such a threat, who, that has a name at all, will venture to provoke Mr. Brady. We, who are nameless, shall certainly not do any thing so rash.

The subject of surnames is a very curious one, and a bulky volume might be written upon it by a diligent antiquary. We ourselves have seen in the hands of an ingenious trifler, a collection of several thousand surnames, every one of which would contribute to illustrate some particular theory, and still leave the subject unexhausted. How might an author dilate on the generous qualities of Mr. *Scattergood*, the selfish disposition of old Dame *Gathergood*, the abstemiousness of Messrs. *Drinkwater* and *Drinkmilk*, the contentedness of poor old John *Drinkdregs*; or paint, *à la Fuzeli*, the terrific countenance of Mrs. Mary *Scaredevil*.

But we are forgetting Mr. Brady, who commences his little work with a dissertation on the origin of names, which, he thinks, were in use in England before the tenth century; but the ordinary distinctions then in use were personal, not hereditary. The surnames introduced by the Normans were mostly noted with the particle *de* before them, as John de Babington. It continued in use for about three centuries, when the French *de* gave way to the English *of*. Places, qualities, trades, occupations, and often, no doubt, caprice, have given names to persons:—

'From the alteration of names in early times, it is, that at this day many families

who have neglected to keep up their pedigrees, are at a loss to account for the similar bearing of arms; by persons whose names are widely different, though they might all originally have been descended from one and the same common ancestor. Who, for instance, would ever think to look for the family and arms of Botteville in the Marquis of Bath, and this only, because in the reign of Edward VI. John de Botteville resided at one of the inns at court, and thence was named one John of Th'Inne (Thynne)? or who would suspect that the poor deserted and exposed infant at Newark upon Trent, well known there by the appellation of *Tom among us*, should afterwards be metamorphosed into the great Dr. Thomas Magnus?'

Without entering into Mr. Brady's disquisition on surnames, we shall, perhaps, best consult the taste of our readers by quoting from one of his more playful chapters on—

'Names in common use among the English, expressive of the very reverse of the character or qualities of those whom they are intended to designate; with a few, characteristic of the real qualities of others.'

'We have Mr. *Light*, whose weight is only one stone less than that of the memorable *Lambert*; a Miss *Ewe*, who is the tenderest and most innocent lamb in the universe; a Mr. *Plot*, who never thought in his life; and a Madame *L'Estrange*, who is the commonest woman upon town; one of the fairest ladies in the world is Mrs. *Blackmore*; and one of the fattest men Mr. *Lean*. Mr. *Wiseman* is, without exception, the greatest fool in the neighbourhood in which he resides; and *Price* is notoriously the name of a man of no price or value whatever.

'This populous city has been known to afford a very honest parson *Hell*, and Mr. *Death* a very ingenious apothecary; and the polite world cannot have so soon forgotten Mr. *Manly*, who knotted all the fringes of his own ruffles and of his aunt's petticoats. *Laws* is, perhaps, almost the only man in the world who does not know that there are any laws in it. We never yet knew a Mr. *Short* who was much under six feet in height; and the friends of the two families swear that Mr. *Goodchild* broke the hearts of his father and mother, and drove another of his nearest relations to distraction, by his wicked and undutiful behaviour; while Mr. *Thoroughgood* turned out a complete rogue and vagabond at fifteen years of age, and was transported at the expense of the government at five and twenty.'

'As all these names are as contradictory to their natural use as if men had, in burlesque, selected them on purpose; so there are others in the modern world, particularly among the litterati, which are as merrily expressive of some unlucky truths in the characters of those to whom they appertain. *Walker*, for instance, seems a denomination well calculated for an histo-

rian who is too sober ever to go above a foot's pace, and seems to have seen no more of the world than a man might walk over bare-foot. The depth of certain famed annotations on the obscure parts of the Bible, which were formerly published, is excellently expressed by the author's name, *Pool*. All who have read the bloody wars described by *Heath*, must own him to be a very barren author; and *Fuller* admirably expresses a man crammed to the mouth with knowledge which he cannot give vent to. Those who subscribed to a version of Virgil, published about eighty years since, were thoroughly convinced, to their cost, that *Trap* was the best of all possible names for its author. *Fall* was no bad name for a writer sublimely low in all his works; and we all must allow *Flatman* to have been a very just name for the dullest poet of our nation. It being our wish to contribute to the reader's entertainment, and not to hurt the feelings of others, or to raise enemies against ourselves, we shall omit to notice many authors of much more recent date, whose works might well be estimated by the same standard with those already pointed out; namely, the idea which we should naturally conceive of them by their names, which would be found, in many cases, admirably to express the degree of merit attached to them.

'By a similar coincidence, what can possibly be better adapted to attract speculators in the lottery than the names of *Goodluck* and *Hazard*? So *Sharp* is a particularly expressive denomination for many a pettifogging attorney; and *Pike* excellently characterizes the usurer who would devour half the young fry of the age.'

For the benefit of all 'teeming mothers,' we quote our author's parting admonition as to the choice of Christian names; for, although a man may not so easily get rid of a disagreeable surname, yet parents should be careful not to render it more ridiculous by their own additions:—

'In conclusion, we have only to recommend those whom it may concern, to avoid, as much as possible, the name of *Thomas*; it being pretty certain that there must have been formerly some remarkably silly fellow of that name; whence it has been transmitted to posterity with no great honour: as witness *Tom Fool*, *Tom Dingle*, *Cousin Tom*, *Silly Tom*, *Tom Nodde*, and the diminutive bird *Tom Tit*.'

This is an ingenious and playful little work: our only objection is, that it does not go far enough; but the author says it was written as a relaxation from a much more arduous and serious study, in which he has been some time engaged. This apology ought to be sufficient, particularly as the author by this specimen proves his qualifications for a greater undertaking.

A History of the Brazil; comprizing its Geography, Commerce, Colonization, Aboriginal Inhabitants, &c. By James Henderson, recently from South America. 4to. pp. 522. London, 1821.

In compiling the history of a distant country, such as the Brazil, much care and industry are required, on the part of the author, to obtain correct and well authenticated information respecting its first discovery, aboriginal inhabitants, and progressive improvement in civilization, commerce, &c. Attention should also be paid to the various peculiarities of the soil, and natural productions of the several provinces; and the general amusement of the reader should be promoted by occasional descriptions of the persons, manners, and customs of the inhabitants, and animated sketches of the local scenery, while the interests of general science should not be neglected.

The requisites we have enumerated, if not all combined in the work before us, have not been neglected by the author, whose diligent inquiry and patient research, in defiance of all the difficulties which the obscurity of remote antiquity, and the natural rudeness and ignorance of the aboriginal inhabitants could oppose to his labours, entitle him to much praise. In addition to his own personal observation, through the kind assistance of several persons high in office in the Brazil, he was enabled to consult many necessary documents, relative to the first discovery, colonization, divisions, and government of that country, which would not have been accessible to an ordinary traveller.

The author, after satisfactorily establishing the claim of Columbus to the honour of discovering the continent of America against that of *Americanus Vespucius*, thus proceeds:—

'Having briefly described the first discovery of the American continent, it will now be in unison with the object of this work, to invite the attention to an investigation of the circumstances resulting from the discovery of that portion of it more immediately under consideration, and which has excited endeavours, on my part, very inadequate to render justice to a subject of such prodigious magnitude. The Portuguese imagine (and the inscriptions found in the Brazil would appear to corroborate the notion) that their countryman and ancestor, *Pedro Alvarez Cabral*, was the first discoverer of that country; but the honour indubitably belongs to the celebrated Spanish pilot, *Vincente Yanez Pinson*, the companion of *Columbus* in his first voyage across the Atlantic;

and who, it is affirmed, would not have acquired the fame of first describing the new world, had not the despondency, which was clouding his mind in the progress of that voyage, been dispelled by the animating hope of success with which *Pinson* encouraged him. In virtue of a commission granted to *Vincente Yanez Pinson*, by the Castilian court, he quitted his native shores in pursuit of undiscovered countries, in the month of December, 1499. He shaped his course more to the southward than his late commander, *Columbus*, and, on the 26th of January, 1500*, discovered land in about 8° south latitude, having crossed the Atlantic in as short a period as the voyage is commonly accomplished in at this day; evincing an undaunted spirit and disregard to the prevailing practice then existing amongst navigators, of taking in all sail, and lying to during the night. The discovery of this new land must have been highly consolatory and gratifying to his feelings; he gave it, therefore, the name of *Cape Consolation*, which can be no other than *Cape St. Augustine*, situated about twenty miles to the south of *Pernambuco*. *Pinson* vainly went through the ceremony of taking possession of the country for the Spanish crown. The natives which they saw were exceedingly shy, and they endeavoured, without success, to accomplish any intercourse with them. He proceeded northward, towards *Cape St. Roque*, with his ships, and again landing upon the intervening coast, his people had several rencounters with a horde of savages, very different to the first they had seen. These Indians used the bow and arrow, and attacked the Spaniards with great spirit and dexterity. This reception induced *Pinson* to continue his course along the northern coast of the Brazil; and, after proceeding as far as the *Orinocos*, he returned to Europe without any manifest advantage resulting from this undertaking. Although he was unfortunate in losing some of his ships on the homeward voyage, he displayed considerable nautical skill in conducting his vessels in safety along the most difficult and dangerous part of the Brazilian coast.

The author, after quoting a number of authorities relative to the claims of the two nations to the honour of discovery and the right of possession, which was at last conceded to the Portuguese; and enumerating the several expeditions that were fitted out for the prosecution of further discoveries, commences his survey of the several provinces, beginning with that of *Rio de Janeiro*, from which we extract the following account of the capital:—

'*St. Sebastian*, better known by the name of *Rio de Janeiro*, is the most popu-

* This date would, according to the O. S., make the voyage more than twelve months, but the author, from the subsequent remark of its shortness, evidently means the January following.

lous, important, and commercial city in the Brazil. It was created a bishopric in the year 1776, and the metropolis of this region in 1763; from which period, to the arrival of Queen Donna Maria and the royal family, on the 7th of March, 1808, it was governed by seven successive viceroys; these were, the Count da Cunha, the Count d'Azambuja, the Marquis da Lavradio, Luiz de Vasconcellase Souza, the Count de Rezende, Fernando Joze de Portugal (now Marquis d'Aguiar), and Count d'Arcos, a nobleman highly esteemed by the people under his jurisdiction, which terminated before its natural expiration, in consequence of the events in Portugal that drove the royal family to their transatlantic possessions.

This city is situated in a plain, the major part of which, in former times, was washed by the sea, at the base of an accumulation of small hills and mountains of all elevations upon its southern precincts. It extends about two miles in length, from east to west. Its northern side is enclosed by a cordon of five mountains, all oblong, and which leave space only for one street, betwixt their eastern base and the praia (beach.) The central one of these mountains is the highest and most extensive; betwixt some of them there are streets or roads leading to the margin of the bay. Upon the eastern and lowest elevation is situated the monastery of St. Bento. The adjoining one is crowned with the fort of Conceição, and the episcopal palace. On the western one, there is a chapel of St. Diogo, and upon the central one, towards the beach, another of our Lady of Livramento.

In front of the granite rock, upon which St. Bento stands, is the island of Cobras, or Snakes, which is one hundred and sixty five fathoms long, from east to west, and proportionably wide, not very high, and fortified, having within its precincts a loathsome prison, generally appropriated to the confinement of state prisoners, to which, however, Englishmen have been occasionally sent, for trifling irregularities in regard to passports and other matters of no serious import. There are two trapiches or warehouses, upon its margin next the channel, which is about one hundred and fifty yards in width. At its northern entrance merchant vessels lie for the purpose of discharging and taking in their cargoes, which are performed by large barges, at no inconsiderable expense. Almost north-west from the granite rocks of St. Diogo, at a distance of about three quarters of a mile across a point of the bay, and upon a gentle eminence, is situated the hospital of Lazaros, which has a very commanding appearance, and was formerly a house of recreation belonging to the Jesuits, but is now used as a barrack for a regiment of Cassadores, from Portugal, who perform the duty of royal guard at the palace of St. Christovás, about a mile distant from it. Between the rocks of St. Diogo and the lazaretto, a branch of the bay forms a small

creek, which separates the Cida de Nova from the village of Matta Porcas. The bridge of St. Diogo, by which they communicate, is constructed of wood. The beach leading from St. Bento to this point describes several windings and sweeping crescents, formed by projected headlands, in one of which, upon the side of a gently ascending hill, the English burial-ground presents a conspicuous object.

The houses of Rio de Janeiro are generally built of stone, one story high, with balconies, which formerly were barricaded with latticed doors and windows, but these were ordered to be removed after the arrival of the royal family. The ground floors, which are not used as shops or stores, still exhibit this gloomy and miserable aspect of closely latticed windows, and in the upper part of the latter, wooden latticed windows are introduced, and the whole are most commonly suspended from the top lintel, secured with hinges. The inmates push them outwards with their hands or heads, for the purpose of obtaining a side view of what is passing in the streets. Numbers of the inhabitants of this city are seen resting upon their elbows, the head projecting through the lower points of those hanging windows, frequently to the annoyance of persons passing along the very narrow footways.

The streets being narrow, foot passengers experience many inconveniences, and not the least from horsemen, who do not scruple to ride upon the narrow footpath, which scarcely admits of two people passing, in order to avoid the dirt and holes of the badly paved streets. Another annoyance is the Senhors Picadores, or royal gentlemen mule breakers, the most miserable looking wretches, who assume all the self-will peculiar to their animals, and some of that consequence which the servants of the royal family generally think themselves entitled to. The royal attendants are called by the Brazilians the *largura*, that is the occupiers of all the road, and make no ceremony in upsetting you, or running against the carriage, gig, or horse, of any plebian they may encounter. Next come the royal cadets, in such a helter-skelter, that it may justly be compared to the suddenness and fury of one of the gusts of wind we experienced in our passage across the Equator. They are the signal of the approach of some of the royal family; and as it is the custom for every one they meet to take off their hats, and persons in carriages and on horseback to dismount, it is not a little amusing to see the general bustle that prevails on the occasion of those ceremonial storms, some flying for fear of being ridden over, others drawing up their carriages and horses to a corner or side, and all bending the knee to the royal party. At these times it is lucky if a person on horseback gets off without some personal injury.

Some foreigners have resisted the right which the royal cadets assume of compel-

ling them to dismount, and it will be readily conceded, that such a ceremony cannot be but repugnant to the feelings of Englishmen, Americans, and others, although they have generally complied with it. The queen, who has the character of being extremely particular and peremptory on this point, a few years since, taking her usual ride to a small cottage and garden at the bottom of the Orange Valley, met Lord Strangford, who refused to comply with the accustomed ceremony. The cadets instantly insulted his lordship by using their swords in compelling him to dismount. The only redress which his lordship obtained, was the imprisonment of the guards for a short time.

In the month of July, 1819, Commodore Bowles was taking a ride, near the Orange Valley, when the queen's cadets beat him off his horse with their swords. The cadets were sent on board the Creole, to apologize for their conduct, and the commodore advised them in future to draw their swords only against an enemy. To the king, who does not require this ridiculous and inconvenient homage, the English, generally, are desirous of shewing their respect by dismounting.

The city is divided into seven parishes; that of St. Sebastian, or the royal chapel, dedicated to the use of the royal family, with a curate chosen from the canons; that of Se, at present with a chapel, and also a canonical curate, St. Joze, St. Ritta, St. Anna, St. Francisco, Xavier, and our Lady of Candellaria, the parish church of which, yet incomplete, presents a very handsome frontispiece, and is also the only parochial church in the kingdom, where chaplains, at this time fifteen in number, officiate daily, in form of a collegiate church. There is a house of misericordia, with a hospital for the sick, and an establishment for the reception of orphans, the legitimate offspring of white parents, which place they leave on being married, and receive a certain dowry. There are eleven chaplains for the purpose of praying at canonical hours in the choir of the church. There is a convent of Benedictines, and another of Franciscans. The ci-devant convent of slippered Carmelites now forms a part of the palace, and their church is the royal chapel. The bishop is the chaplain-mor. The chapter is composed at present of twenty-eight canons, of whom eight use the vestments and adopt the usages of the monasteries of the patriarchal at Lisbon; and others received by law the title of Senhoria, in December, 1808; they dress in cloaks, and the whole wear red stockings. There is an alms-house of Terra-Santa, to entertain the travelling brotherhood. The two seminaries of St. Joze and St. Joaquim are ill attended, and as ill conducted. In the latter, Dr. Gardner, an English gentleman, lectures on chemistry, but he has few pupils. He receives a stipulated salary, and is appointed by the crown. Also, a third order (Terceiras), of St. Francisco d'Assis, of our Lady of

Carmo, with a beautiful chapel, and St. Francisco de Paula, each with its hospital, either complete or begun, for the poor brothers. The Jesuitical college is converted into a royal military hospital, with schools of surgery; and, agreeably to the tenure of the respective statutes upon this subject, five years are required for the formation of competent surgeons. Amongst other chapels to be remarked, is that of St. Peter, of a circular form, with an arched roof, where ten chaplains perform divine service, and none are admitted into orders unless they can demonstrate that they are of the brotherhood of St. Peter: St. Crux, which has an elegant frontispiece; there the military hold their religious festivals: Hospicio, with an arched roof, and a cupola: and our Lady of Gloria, situated upon an elevated point or headland, in great part surrounded with the sea, which forms a very handsome and conspicuous object when viewed from the bay. The hill upon which it stands runs along in uneven elevations as far as Praia Flemingo, where it terminates in an abrupt precipice of granite rock. The front of this hill, facing the bay, nearly in a state of wild nature, was some time ago purchased by Mr. Maiden, an English-gentleman, upon the side of which he has erected a very excellent mansion, for his own residence, as well as three or four other neat houses, all occupied by English gentlemen: one at the extremity, near the granite rock, is in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Crane. The Gloria Hill is decidedly the most agreeable situation for a residence in the vicinity of Rio; it is elevated, and commands an interesting view of the harbour and all vessels as they enter and leave the port; at the same time enjoying all the advantages of the land and sea breezes. Its only inconvenience is the approach to it, by a steep ascent on the side of the Gloria Chapel,

(To be concluded in our next.)

Cobbett's Gridiron; written to warn Farmers of their Danger; and to put Landholders, Mortgagers, Lenders, Borrowers, the Labouring, and, indeed, all Classes of the Community on their Guard. 15mo. pp. 32. London, 1822.

COBBETT, in one of his registers, says, 'What a figure shall I make in the history of these times.' What a figure indeed! that of a man possessing extraordinary natural abilities, but prostituting them to every man or every cause, however infamous, that offered self-interest or self-gratification for the moment. If ever there was a man who, in his own person, exhibited an union of baseness and treachery, fraud and folly, it is William Cobbett; and yet this man, not only in his own person but in the various persons and parties with whom he has been connected,

exhibits one of the most lamentable pictures of the depravity of human nature that history records. This man, who has been

'Every thing by turns but nothing long,'

commenced his literary career in the United States, by abusing the Government he lived under with unmixed severity. When he returned to England he became a violent ministerialist. He was patronized by the English government: he lived some time on what he could get from it. The peace of Amiens set him wavering—he refused to illuminate his house on the occasion, and had his windows broken, while he sat whimpering in a back room, not daring to shew himself; another turn plunged him headlong into the opposition; and here he was caressed, as renegados too often are, not on account of their principles, but from their supposed knowledge of the enemies' tactics, and some idea that a man could not turn and turn and turn again. From the moderate opposition, he fell into the hands of the reformers, and Sir Francis Burdett, whom, a few years before, he declared he loathed and detested, and that he would trample him under his feet, became his idol. When he had laid the baronet under pretty heavy contributions, for the 'instinct of interest' was the only thing Cobbett adhered to, he deserted him and his cause for the radicals. After exciting acts of treasonable outrage, which called for new legal enactments, the renegado was the first to seek his safety in flight, and to take refuge in the country he had so grossly abused—America. From the United States he wrote that memorable letter to Sir Francis Burdett, which ought to have damned him in the estimation of every man who had not previously seen thro' the impostor. When he thought he could return with safety to his person (for no human being is more sensitive in every thing that regards himself), he quitted the United States, having previously robbed the grave of Paine, (as he says); and brought his ashes to this country to be doled out in radical and impious relics, but the trick failed completely. He endeavoured to levy contributions on the working classes, and actually drained some 20,000 of them of two-pence each, as a contribution for himself: an act for which he ought to have been prosecuted by the Mendicity Society. This was not sufficient, and he attempted to get seventy more wealthy dupes to give him 10l. each. This trick also failed; and

the fellow was at his last push. He had been successively taken up by the ministers, hired by the opposition, cordially embraced by the reformers, accepted and, at length, disgorged by the radicals, when he became perfectly at large, crying out for some months 'Wha wants me,' when the country farmers, a class of men the most haughty and unfeeling in prosperity, and the most whining and subservient in reverses, greedily seized on him, and hauled him about the country, to belie his former assertions and vindicate the distressed agriculturalists, who fattened him and themselves with dinners at a guinea per head.

Such is a brief and imperfect outline of the conduct of that literary and political outcast, William Cobbett; and as, perhaps, many of our readers may not have watched the progress of the man from one infamy to another, as we have done, we deemed it necessary to state so much before we proceeded to notice the little work now before us. The title is furnished by Cobbett himself. In his Register for Nov. 13, 1819, in which he says,—

'The boroughmongers have resolved to return to cash payments. To resolve, my friends, is an easy matter; but, if they execute their resolution, though it has now assumed the shape of a law, I will give Castlereagh leave to put me upon a gridiron, while Sidmouth stirs the fire, and Canning stands by making a jest of my writhing and my groans.'

Cash payments have been resumed, and Cobbett was still spared, until the editor of this little pamphlet placed him on his own gridiron, where he may writhe long, but can never extricate himself. The object of this work is to show how oppositely Cobbett has written at different times; passing from the most fulsome praise to the most severe condemnation; and proving, from his own works, that neither in point of principle or political prescience was he to be credited. The editor should have taken for his motto,—'Out of thy own mouth will I condemn thee, thou lying prophet.'

This little pamphlet gives Cobbett twelve turns on his gridiron, quite sufficient, our readers will think, to make him done enough. These exhibit Cobbett's Twelve Cardinal Virtues, and the man is made to speak for himself in every instance; indeed, all comment is quite superfluous, as will be readily perceived from the following extracts, which we class under distinct heads, observing that all of them are from Cobbett's own works, and

Yet that is much to me, for whom to have
deemed

Though for a moment of deliverance or
Exemption from the excruciating throbs
That wasted my young heart, to have allowed
The faintest ray from Hope's remotest star
To fall upon the midnight of my grief,
Would once have been such madness as before
Ne'er prompted self-delusion's fond deceit.
There seemed no refuge—there is none e'en
now—

So sure as the oblivion of the grave,
The undisturbed—senseless—eternal grave.
For mine were never the delirious dreams
Caught from the slave's or bigot's 'vengeful
creed,

Who feign a heaven to find their foes a hell;
I hoped no ecstasies in other worlds,
Feeling myself by Nature's primal law
An undiscoverable part of this,
Where, though the scale of good doubtless out-
weighs,

It is small solace for the sufferer's pang
To think, when present being is decayed,
And individual consciousness is o'er,
The atoms which made up his painful frame
In happier combinations may exist
Through circling ages of uncounted time.'

After recounting his own misfortunes
and disappointments, Mr. Brooke turns
to the 'world's ills,' 'from the mystic
annals of old Egypt,' to the time when
'—Luther struck imposture's grosser mask
From the curst hierarchy of king-like priests,
Pamper'd and bloody and rapacious.'—

The revolutions of France and Spain,
and the anticipation that Italy will soon
have the blessings of liberty, are the
only consolations of Mr. Brooke, who
is proud—

'To think, to feel, to utter, and touch
As unsophisticated nature prompts,
Or reason dictates.'

Whether he has done so in the pre-
sent instance, is, with us, a matter of
some doubt. We are sorry, however,
that such talents as Mr. Brooke pos-
sesses should be tinctured with such
gloom and melancholy. The minor
poems are many of them very pretty;
we select the last, entitled

'STANZAS,

'ON PLANTING A BAY-TREE AT THE GRAVE
OF CHURCHILL.*

'Above the bard's neglected grave
We plant thee, honouring bay!—
Here verdantly thy boughs shall wave
Triumphant o'er decay.
Fit emblem of the fadeless fame
Which, like thy living wreath,
The Muse has twined around the name
Of him who sleeps beneath.
We plant thee in no pomp of grief
To add one shade to gloom;

* 'A plain stone, in a ruinous church-yard
at Dover, with this simple inscription—"Life
to the last enjoyed, Here Churchill lies!" points
out the spot where the remains of this celebrated
writer are deposited amidst "the vulgar dead."
—The author of these lines must confess that,
among poets, Churchill is far from being a par-
ticular object of his admiration;—but he is a
poet and a man of genius—and the homage is
not misplaced.

Then freshly spring, unwithering leaf,
And grace the poet's tomb;
Where friendship soon may cease to mourn,
Soon love forget to weep,
Yet fame shall o'er her favourite's urn
Unwearied vigils keep.

We plant thee not for him whose lips
Are hush'd—whose heart is cold—
The spirit wrapped in death's eclipse
Heeds not its mortal mould!
But thou, here flourishing alone,
Mayest guide the wandering eyes
Of him who seeks the lowly stone
Which tells "Here Churchill lies!"

Original Communications.

PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—I do not know how far you
open your columns to the complaints
of others, but I am tempted to notice
one of the 'Miseries of Human Life,'
which has escaped that ingenious au-
thor who accumulated such a host of
them together, and rendered it really
a delightful task to peruse them.
Now, sir, I am one of those individu-
als who must breakfast precisely at
nine o'clock, and I must also, to relish
my cup of tea or chocolate, as well as
to relieve my better half from the fa-
tiguising exercise of an harangue not of
the most pleasing nature—I say, for
both these reasons, it is almost essential
to me that I should have a newspaper at
my breakfast. This is a luxury to which
I have been long accustomed, but it is
one I am now often compelled to relin-
quish—not, sir, on account of the ex-
pense, the distant situation in which I
live, or the interference of my wife, but
because the newspapers are not pub-
lished in time. The delay, I am told
by my newsman, is owing to the late
sitting of Parliament on the preceding
evening. Now, sir, although the pri-
vilege of Parliament may permit the
members of which it is composed to
talk as long and as foolishly as they
like, yet I do not see the necessity why
their weaknesses should be exposed
the next day to the length of ten or
fifteen columns, and this, too, to the
exclusion of more valuable matter,
particularly accidents and offences, of
which so few are recorded during the
session of Parliament, that I was re-
ally, at first, induced to believe, that
the very assembling of the legislature
had a beneficial influence on the mo-
rals of the people.

Every one who has sat in Parliament
for hours together, as I have done, (in
the gallery of one house, and below
the bar in the other,) must know,
that, out of the thousand members of

which the house consists, there are not
more than a hundred that speak at all,
and of these not half the number that
speak to the purpose. Why, then, I
would ask, should the report of these
speeches be given at great length—at
a length which, indeed, defeats its very
object, for I much doubt that there
is a single individual to be found that
ever read the fifteen or twenty closely
printed columns, which are sometimes
to be found devoted to one night's de-
bate in the *Times* newspaper.

But if every member's name is to
appear as often as he rises in the house,
and some sort of a speech is to be
given to him, may it not be done with
more brevity; why not curtail the ex-
ordium of every member's speech—his
reason for speaking at all—his regret
that the subject has not fallen into abler
hands, &c. Another useful abridg-
ment might be made, in omitting every
other designation of the members ex-
cept the name, such as 'my right ho-
nourable friend the member for —.'
Such a curtailment I think necessary,
for, independent of the room it would
save, there are persons who think that,
with regard to some members at least,
'honour,' as Lady Teazle says, 'might
be as well left out of the question.'

The length of Parliamentary report-
ing has grown into an absolute disease.
Forty years ago, a night's debate rarely
extended beyond two columns of good
family-Bible print, and that, too, when
newspapers were considerably smaller;
now the columns are enlarged, the
type reduced, and the debate swelled
to twenty times its former length. All
this I would, however, still bear, could
I but have my paper every morning
on my breakfast table. Perhaps, Mr.
Editor, you will do me the favour to
insert this letter; and, although I quite
despair of a Reform in Parliament—as
to the *lengthy* debates of the members,
yet, perhaps, in calling the attention of
the public to the subject, I may induce
some editors to be more brief; at all
events, it unburthens the mind of, sir,

Your obedient servant,

BENJAMIN BRIEFWIT.

Crooked Lane, March 11, 1822.

ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

THE following extract of a private let-
ter from Naples, dated Feb. 25, ap-
pears in a Paris Paper:—

'On the thirteenth of this month two
loud subterranean detonations were heard
in the neighbouring communes of Vesu-
vius: these phenomena usually precede
each eruption. From the night of the
16th to the 17th the detonations were re-

newed with violence, and were heard from hence. On the following day it emitted a thick smoke; on the 18th it began to throw up a shower of cinders and stones, and soon after fragments of inflamed lava. This eruption again covered the whole extent of the crater, a width of about 20 toises, forming a crown of fire. For the two following days the eruption became more violent, and the boiling lava which was filling the crater, and threatening at every moment to break over its sides, was seen distinctly during the night. At length, on the 21st, the lava forced its way into the southern part of the mountain by a new opening, from which it flowed in great abundance. The flowing took its direction slowly (it ran a toise a minute) towards the Hermitage of Saint Salvator. During the two following days the same phenomenon without interruption, but without any increase of force.—Yesterday, towards 10 o'clock in the morning, the violence of the eruption was suddenly redoubled. The lava, which continued flowing in the same direction, when it reached the territory Cantroni, turned its course towards the west, and dashed itself into a valley. In the evening Vesuvius presented to the inhabitants of Naples the superb spectacle of a river of fire, rolling down the skirts of the mountain, through clouds of smoke. A brilliant flame arose from the crater, and nothing troubled this splendid evening, not even the fears and disasters which too often accompany this terrible phenomenon. This time the lava took its direction through lands already burned and entirely desert, and no property appeared threatened with desolation. Vesuvius appeared calm to-day, but a brilliant sun prevents us from discovering what is passing on the mountain.

NEW BOTANICAL DISCOVERIES.

M. Bonpland, the friend and travelling companion of Humboldt, communicates the following account of his botanical researches in South America:—

'The whole of the country called here the Missions, exceeds description, and in it, at every step, one meets with things both new and useful to Natural History. I have already collected two thousand plants, a large quantity of seeds, a number of stones; besides, making useful observations, such as will greatly promote a geological knowledge of this part of the country. I have also collected insects, birds, &c. Among the number of interesting plants to which my attention has been called, I am of opinion that the country may hereafter derive great advantages from the three new kinds of indigo I have found in these fertile regions. They are very different from the plant from which indigo is obtained in Caracas, Brazil, Mexico, and India. I flatter myself that the South Americans will avail themselves of this discovery, and cultivate

and improve a plant that has hitherto been disregarded under the common name of Yuyo. It is well known that the indigo of Venezuela, which formerly was superior to that of Guatemala, in consequence of the improvements in extracting it, and competes with that of India in price, in England is worth from 15 to 20 rials per pound. In Venezuela as much as 3 or 400,000 dollars of indigo were annually obtained, and there the pound has frequently been bought at seven rials. The superior quality that may be obtained from this newly discovered plant, and the facilities of conveyance down to a shipping port, render it an object of great importance to a country that has only few exports, and its cultivation, if encouraged by the government, and undertaken by capitalists, will in a few years furnish an interesting and staple commodity to trade.'

From the known zeal and researches of this experienced botanist, the scientific world has much to expect, and the new government by whom he is now employed will derive considerable advantages from his turning his attention, not only to objects of mere curiosity, but also to such as will eventually improve the trade and resources of the country. We were before aware of the existence of this new indigo; it was noticed by Haenke, who has written upon it. There are, however, many other articles to which the attention of the Buenos Ayres government ought to be called. The *Seda Silvestre*, or a species of wild silk, left in the woods by a certain caterpillar, is found on the banks of the Parana, and would constitute a valuable export. Very good cochineal may also be gathered in Tucuman, besides a great quantity of bees' wax. The *Rubia Tinctoria* is found in many of the extended forests, but the best is in Tarija, Chaco, and the Sierra of Cordova, and it yields a brilliant colour. It was not till within very few years that notice was taken of a new mode of dying green, from a production called by the Spaniards *Clavillo*, or little nail, from its resembling one. Some persons assert it to be the excrementitious deposit of a certain insect, smaller than the cochineal, and others that it is the insect itself. Hitherto it has only been gathered in Carquejia, and the point is found introduced in the bark of a shrub. It was first used by the poor of the country, and it has since been proved by repeated experiments, that the Vicunia and Alpaca wools, as well as cotton, after being prepared by astringents, such as allum, and previously boiled in a yellow die, when thrown into a solution of *clavillo*, acquire a beautiful green colour. The shade of

this simple is in itself greenish, and by being kept it darkens considerably. Abundance of it is found in the valley of Catamarca and province of Tucuman, but no scientific experiments have been made with it.

Natural verdigris, of a metallic substance, is found in the copper mines of the districts of Carangas, Pacagos, Lipes, and Atacama, as well as Oruro, and is used instead of artificial verdigris for paint and colouring pottery. It easily dissolves in mineral acids, and all the earthy or heterogeneous particles precipitate to the bottom. A species of metallic combination, of arsenic mineralised by sulphur, called *oro pimiente*, is also collected in various parts of the Cordillera of the coast, particularly at a place called Perinacota, 25 leagues from the town of Carangas. It is found to be an excellent article to fix colours. In short, numerous plants, gums, resins, minerals, &c. will, in the course of time, be brought over from every part of South America, of which at present we have no knowledge, and tend greatly to improve the arts and sciences.

Biography.

EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE, L. L. D., &c.
(From the Cambridge Chronicle.)

EARLY on Saturday morning (the 9th instant), died, at Sir W. Rush's house, in Pall Mall, after a severe and painful illness, the Rev. E. D. Clarke, L. L. D. Professor of Mineralogy and Librarian to the University, formerly Fellow of Jesus College, and Rector of Harlton, in this county, and of Great Yeldham, in Essex.—It is with sentiments of the deepest regret, that we announce the above intelligence; and we trust to the indulgence of our readers, if we trespass beyond our usual limits on such an occasion, and insert a few tributary words to the memory of this highly lamented and most distinguished individual. We should fail indeed in our respect for the general sympathy which the loss of Dr. Clarke has excited, were we to content ourselves with the bare notice of his death. In the following paragraph it is not intended to draw the character of the late professor, and to delineate his varied excellencies—they will hereafter be traced by the biographer; but the hasty sketch which has been conveyed to us by one of his numerous friends, will, we trust, prove not unacceptable. Perhaps no person ever possessed in a more eminent degree than Dr. Clarke,

the delightful faculty of winning the hearts and rivetting the affections of those into whose society he entered. From the first moment his conversation excited an interest that never abated. Those who knew him once felt that they must love him always. The kindness of his manner, the anxiety he expressed for the welfare of others, his eagerness to make them feel happy and pleased with themselves, when united to the charms of his language, were irresistible. Such was Dr. Clarke in private life; within the circle of his more immediate friends; in the midst of his family—there he might be seen, as the indulgent parent, the affectionate husband, the warm, zealous, and sincere friend. Of his public life the present moment will only admit of an outline.—Soon after taking his degree, Dr. Clarke accompanied the present Lord Berwick abroad, and remained for some time in Italy. The classic scenes he there met with, and his own inquisitive genius, stimulated him to enter into a wider field of research; and, shortly after his return to England, he embarked on those travels, which have rendered his name so celebrated throughout Europe; indeed, we may add, in every quarter of the civilized world. To enter into any description of them is needless—they are before the public. They have been, and will continue to be, the delight and the solace of those who have been unable to visit other countries; and they have excited the dormant spirit of curiosity in many a resident of this university, who has followed eagerly the steps of Dr. Clarke, and has invariably borne testimony to the accuracy and fidelity of his narrative. Dr. Clarke has somewhere mentioned all the excellencies which must unite to form a perfect traveller—he must have the pencil of Norden, the pen of Volney, the learning of Pococke, the perseverance of Bruce, the enthusiasm of Savary. Of all these Dr. Clarke united in his own person by far the greater share. No difficulties in his progress were ever allowed to be insuperable; and, upon all occasions, he imparted to others a portion of his own enthusiasm. It was upon the return from this extensive tour, during which he had visited nearly the whole of Europe, and parts of Asia and Africa, that Dr. Clarke presented to the University those memorials of his travels, which now decorate the vestibule of the library; and, as some return for the splendour which his name had reflected upon the

University, he was complimented in full senate with the degree of L. L. D. From that moment the residence of the traveller was confined to Cambridge, and he shortly after commenced those public lectures in mineralogy, which, if possible, have made his name more known and honoured, both in this and in foreign countries, than even his long and interesting travels. Natural history was his earliest and most favourite study; and that peculiar branch of it, which refers to the mineral kingdom, soon engrossed the whole of his attention. In the delivery of his celebrated lectures, Clarke was without a rival—his eloquence was inferior to none; (in native eloquence, perhaps, few have ever equalled him in this country;) his knowledge of his subject was extensive; his elucidation clear and simple; and in the illustrations, which were practically afforded by the various and beautiful specimens of his minerals, he was peculiarly happy. Most of those specimens he had himself collected, and they seldom failed to give rise to the most pleasing associations by their individual locality. We may justly apply to him in the delivery of his lectures, what is engraven on the monument of Goldsmith, '*Nihil, quod tetiget, non ornavit*—.' Of the higher qualities of his mind, of his force and energy as a Christian preacher, of the sublimity and excellence of his discourses, we might tell in any other place than Cambridge; but here all mention of them is unnecessary: his crowded congregations are testimony sufficient. Of the estimation in which Dr. Clarke was held by foreigners, we may, in the same manner, refer our readers to the various honorary societies in which his name stands enrolled; we may safely say, that to no one person has the University of Cambridge been more indebted for celebrity abroad during the last twenty years, than to her late librarian, Dr. Clarke. He has fallen a victim indeed to his generous ardour in the pursuit of science—he looked only to the fame of the University; and in his honest endeavours to exalt her reputation, he unhappily neglected his own invaluable health.—He has thus left to his afflicted family and to his surviving friends, the most painful and bitter regrets; whilst to the University itself, he has bequeathed a debt of gratitude, which we doubt not will hereafter be amply and liberally discharged.

We are informed that the remains of Dr. Clarke will be interred in Jesus

College Chapel on Monday next. He was in the 54th year of his age, and proceeded to the degree of B. A. 1790, M. A. 1794.

The candidates for the office of Librarian to the University are—Henry Gunning, Esq. of Christ College; the Rev. John Lodge, Fellow of Magdalene; the Rev. J. C. Franks, Chaplain of Trinity College; and George Burges, Esq. of Trinity College.

J. S. Henslow, Esq. of St. John's College, is candidate for the Professorship of Mineralogy.

It is generally supposed that the University intend to offer a liberal price for the splendid collection of minerals which adorned the late professor's lecture room.

Original Poetry.

THE PEASANT'S COTTAGE.

'Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once cut down, can never be supplied.'

GOLDSMITH.

SPRINKLED all o'er Augusta's smoky vale,
Fringing her roads as rightly I do guess,
Beflower'd around, and white from head to tail,

Upright and prim as bean in summer dress,
Are scores of *things*, where citizens inhale
Their country breathings, nick-named *cottages*:

Away—I hate them—'tis no treat to me
To see such apings of humility.

I like a little bit of homely thatch,
Where lives a poor man—no—not very poor;
I mean just such a man as well can catch

From oven mouth, say twice a week or more,
Of wholesome wheaten bread a goodly hatch,

To feed his children with—we'll say there's four,—

We'll say there's six, ne'er mind—God bless him with 'em,

Providing he has food enough to give 'em.

Where all the live-long day right merrily,
The simple house-wife plies her daily care:

Of work, while her good man's a-field, you see,
I hold it meet the woman have her share!

I like to see her busy as a bee,
With things that *will be* well as things that *are*,

Lo! while she sings and spins, the galloping pot
Proclaims for supper there's something hot.

My cot should stand up where it well can catch

The heathful breeze that blows some common o'er,

Where, from its half-closed little wicket hatch,
We view a wide expanse of hill and moor;

A slip of leather to upraise the latch,

A knot of woodbines dangling o'er the door;
Hark! two or three pigs are chaunting in the sty,

Look! two or three good shirts blow about to dry.

And O, the pipe, brown jug, and summer seat,
Close by the garden gate, where shadowing come,

Laden with tuneful birds and zephyrs sweet,
Thick boughs that bear the apple and the plum;
I love to see the windows clean and neat,
And curtain'd o'er with spice geranium;
I do not mind a broken pane or two,
Provided there's no petticoat thrust through.
A well-hedged garden, nicely planted out,—
All sorts of herbs, and flowers not a few,
In comely orderspread, or bunched about;
The sweet pea here, and there the bitter rue,
And on the larger beds the emerald spout
Of winter greens that sip the silver dew,
The long red carrot, onion sweet and dry,
Potatoo, turnip white, and crinkled brocoli.
And then to see the chicks all budge to school!
What if they pout—tut—nothing is the matter,
It shews the unbending dame is skill'd to rule,
As well for decent learning as the platter—
To hear the ducks come gobbling o'er the pool
To claim their crums—my soul a goodly clatter,—
Nay, more—for seeing that, one's thoughts do go forth,
That they have useful hens, and eggs, and so forth.
Strong with the produce of the barley mow,
I'd love to find in use the mellow horn;
I'd like to see a paddock and a cow,
Besides a decent barn well cramm'd with corn;
But, ah! these things we seldom light on now,
And more's the pity—for, ere I was born,
I've heard, for good industrious man and woman,
Such blessings grew on every dirty common.
O ye! who sigh in rural ease to bask,
Dream not 'the peasant's cot' hath much of this;
Perhaps I could (but 'twere a sorry task)
Paint his dull hovel as it really is;—
The barley loaf, straw bed, and empty flask,
And labour hard from morn to night are his,
High spirits broken, young old age, ah me!
All sorts of petty parish tyranny.
O Britain! how it grieves me while I write,
To think my humble musings are not real;
That things so cheaply bought, and, too, so bright,
(The sweetest ornament of England's weal),
Should be so so hid in penury's dark night—
Tell me, ye great ones, when will Britain heal
This wound, that more than rankles in her side,
And boast, O once again, her peasant's
goodly pride? BEPPO.

A FAREWELL.

Farewell! the most appalling word
That e'er fond tongues have spoken;
It dims the eye, it wakes the sigh,
Until the heart be broken.
Farewell! I hang on the wild word
As if 'twere pleasant to me;
As if its spell had strength to tell
The sorrows that undo me!
And well I may, for 'twas the last,
The last sad sound I listen'd to,
When the die was cast and our hopes past,
And mine and your eye glisten'd too.
Farewell! it is a worthless word,
Save when the true heart speaks it;
For then its power to life's last hour
Controls, and often breaks it!

J. W. DALBY.

SKETCHES.—No. 3.

IDA.

Lifting its lofty head above the clouds,
And, seemingly with scorn, surveying those
High hills that crowd about its base—stands
Ida;
Casting its shadow on the Hellespont,
Where Thebes' king beheld his daughter Hella
Amid the rushing waters plunge and gasp,
And shrieking—die! Who, in his grief gave thee
The name thou hast;—where Hero and Leander,
The faithful lovers of Sestos and Abydos,
At midnight met, and worship'd one another;
When he came dripping from thy broad green wave
Into those arms, extended to receive him.
Here on the flow'ry summit Paris sat,
When Pallas, Juno, and the gentle Venus—
Blushing to see themselves unveil'd before him—
Besought him to declare, which, for her charms,
Was most entitled to the golden apple
Brought to them by Discord, when they at The-
seus'
Nuptials danc'd and sung, and banquetted on
Nectar! At its feet—now, but a heap of stones—,
Stood Troy—the grave and monument of Dar-
danus:
Whose fortified embattlements, wash'd by
The river Xanthus, kept the Greeks at bay,
Till from behind the mountain Hippius,
They sudden rush'd, while slept the Trojan
youths,
Into the town, which in a little space
'Mid fire and carnage lay an extended ruin!
For these things art thou famed—illustrious
mountain!
And it shall last—till age succeeding age,—
Like blossom's in the wind—fall off and die,
And Time himself has sought eternity!

WILFORD.

STANZAS.

Oh, the congealing snows of time, they fall upon
my heart,
And bid each soft and gentle hope despondingly
depart!
Oh, the congealing snows of time, they close
fond memory's eye,
Denying it the scene that soothes—the scene of
days gone by!
But worse than the cold snows of time is sor-
row's heavy hand
When it falls upon the heart that yields to pas-
sion's wild command,
When, mingled with remorse, it strikes its black
empoison'd steel
Against each fibre of the heart that can its
venom feel!
Yet worse than sorrow, guilt, remorse, how bad
so e'er they be,
Is the mortal coldness of the soul oppress'd by
misery—
By that intensest grief that springs from fearing
that we have
On earth no lasting happiness,—no hope be-
yond the grave! J. W. DALBY.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—On Mon-
day evening Macklin's comedy of *The
Man of the World*, which has been al-
most excluded from the stage since
the death of George Frederic Cooke,

on account of the want of a proper re-
presentative of its hero, was performed
at this theatre. Although this comedy
is no favourite of ours, yet it is a catch-
ing one with the public, on account of
its sentiments and severe philippics
against trading politicians. These,
however, were not the causes which at-
tracted a crowded audience on Mon-
day, but the desire to see Mr. Kean
play the part of Sir Pertinax Macsycophant. We confess that, considering
the range of this eminent actor's cha-
racters is already so extensive, we were
sorry to see him step out of it; he has
however done so, and he has again been
successful, adding another wreath to
the laurel with which his brows are
crowned. In the early scenes of the
play Mr. Kean was somewhat tame,
but it was perhaps because there was
little to do; but as the play proceeded,
he proved the originality and the just-
ness of his conception of the character,
and not only gave sudden effect to some
passages, but rendered whole scenes
powerfully impressive. In the inter-
view with Egerton, in which he re-
proaches him for a want of ambition,
and relates his own adventures, setting
out with no other fortune than a small
modicum of Latin, but making his
way to wealth, and the highest honours,
he was admirable; his attention to
the 'instinct o' interest;' his search for
a wife in the kirks and conventicles;
and his 'booing' himself into favour and
fortune, were related with the richest
archness and humour. In the more
serious scenes, his success was not less
striking, but less extraordinary than in
those that are purely comic, and the
whole was a piece of excellent acting,
which was much improved on the re-
petition of the comedy on Tuesday.
The Scottish dialect is a sad restraint
upon Kean, and indeed upon every ac-
tor, for he must either give it that
broad character which would only
render it approved by a native and un-
intelligible to the rest of the audience,
or, to make himself understood, render
it a compound of English and Scotch;
but this difficulty Kean got over very
well, although it was evident that the
being compelled to speak in a forced
dialect was a great restraint upon him
in the expression of his feelings. In the
last scene, he exhibited a terrific pic-
ture of mortified ambition, exposure,
and disappointment.

Mr. Cooper's Egerton was a chaste,
correct, and gentlemanly piece of act-
ing. Miss Booth's Lady Rodolpha
Lumbercourt was full of life and spi-

volumes, and we believe posterity is agreed, that though Byng did not do his duty, yet that he was sacrificed by the ministry, who treated him as a criminal before his trial, reporting that he had endeavoured to escape, and increasing the rigour of his confinement. When he published his Defence, it appeared that the admiral's own letter, which had served as the great engine of his condemnation, had been mangled and altered, and some parts omitted, by which the others were rendered nonsense; other periods, which gave the reason of his behaviour, as obedient to his orders, were perverted to speak the very language of cowardice; for instance, *making the best of my way to Gibraltar* was substituted for the genuine passage *making my way to cover Gibraltar*. Of the trial of Byng, Lord Orford thus declares his opinion:—

'I have spoken of Admiral Byng, not only as of a man who thought himself innocent, but as of one marked for sacrifice by a set of ministers, who meant to divert on him the vengeance of a betrayed and enraged nation. I have spoken and shall speak of him as of a man most unjustly and wickedly put to death; and as this was the moment from which my opinion sprung, however lamentably confirmed by the event, it is necessary in my own vindication to say a few words, lest prejudice against the persecutors, or for the persecuted, should be suspected of having influenced my narrative. I can appeal to God that I never spoke to Mr. Byng in my life, nor had the most distant acquaintance with any one of his family. The man I never saw but in the street or in the House of Commons, and there I thought his carriage haughty and disgusting. From report, I had formed a mean opinion of his understanding; and, from the clamours of the world, I was carried away with the multitude in believing he had not done his duty, and in thinking his behaviour, under his circumstances, weak and arrogant. I never interested myself enough about him to enquire whether this opinion was well or ill founded. When his pamphlet appeared, I read it, and found he had been cruelly and scandalously treated. I knew enough not to wonder at this conduct in *some* of his persecutors—yet it concerned not me; and I thought no more about it till the sentence, and the behaviour of his judges which accompanied it, struck me with astonishment! I could not conceive how men could acquit honorably, and condemn to death with the same breath! How men could feel so much, and be so insensible at the same instant: and, from the prejudice of education, which had told me that the law of England understood that its ministers of justice should always be counsel for the prisoner, I could not comprehend

how the members of the court-martial came to think that a small corner of a law ought to preponderate for rigour, against a whole body of the same law which they understood directed them to mercy; and I was still more startled to hear men urge that their consciences were bound by an oath, which their consciences told them would lead them to murder. Lest this should be thought a declamatory paraphrase, I will insert both the sentence and the letter of the court-martial, and will appeal to impartial posterity, whether I have exaggerated, whether it was necessary for me, or whether it was possible for me to exaggerate the horrid absurdity of this proceeding:—supplements, indeed, there were made to it!

'The first flame lighted by this extraordinary sentence was the dissatisfaction it occasioned in the navy, when they found such a construction of the twelfth article, as made it capital for an officer to want, what he could not command, judgment. Admiral West threatened to resign if it was not altered. But they who had power to enforce execution on such an interpretation, took care not to consent to any correction. With what face could they put the admiral to death, if they owned that the article, on which he was condemned, wanted amendment?

'Before I proceed to the consequences of this affair, I will say a few words, as I promised, on the engagement itself; though, with regard to the fate of Mr. Byng, I think it ceased, from this moment, to be any part of the question. If he was guilty of any fault, his most conscientious judges thought it so small an one, that they did not hesitate to censure the law itself for blending it with capital crimes: and it will appear as fully that the duration of it was as short, as the nature of it was light; not extending beyond very few minutes. Had he been guilty of all that cowardice, which had at first been charged on him, and of which he was so honorably acquitted, it would still have been a notorious violation of the custom of England (and the common law itself is scarce more than custom), to put him to death after such earnest recommendation of his judges—judges under no influence of the favourable sort!

'The quintessence of the engagement, as shortly as I can state it, I take to have been this. After the signal for charging was made, the captain of the Intrepid bore down in a wrong direction, by which she was exposed to be raked by the enemy. Admiral West, who commanded that division, followed the same direction rather than decline the engagement. This was brave; he was not the commander in chief; Mr. Byng, who was, perceived the disadvantage of this manœuvre; yet he too bore down, but more slowly. In his course the Princess Louisa and the Trident lay in his way, and he was obliged to disengage himself from them first, and then crowded all the sail

he could. As the French had engaged in earnest, and had not suffered, he could not have the least suspicion that they would give over so abruptly; but while he was involved with his own ships, they had prepared to retreat, and had already left him at such a distance that he thought it in vain to follow them that night. Afterwards, on a review of his fleet, he found so much damage done to what was before deplorable, expected so little to be able to raise the siege, and, what in my opinion, he dreaded with most reason, and which was equally the object of his orders, feared so much for Gibraltar, that he determined to retire thither, and had the concurrence of Admiral West.

'I have said that one part of the admiral's defence does not appear to be well reasoned; I mean his belief that, though he had beaten the French, he should not have saved the island. General Blakeney too deposed at the trial, that if the whole detachment ordered from Gibraltar had been landed at the time the fleet appeared off Mahon, it would have been insignificant: an opinion, in my judgment, as wrong as the admiral's. At last the fortress fell from want of hands—what had they suffered? a reinforcement would have prolonged the siege, as the defeat of the French fleet might have starved the besiegers, if, in either case, a new squadron had been sent from England. To conclude all their efforts insufficient, both the admiral and general must have believed that the English ministry would have continued as remiss and culpable as they had been.

'With regard to the sentence, the essence of it turns on the very few minutes in which the admiral neglected to make all possible sail—and for *that* he died! I, however shocked at the severity of his fate, am still impartial; and with the truth that becomes an historian, from the most respectable down to so trifling a writer as myself, shall fairly declare all I know and observed: and difficult it would be for any man to have watched with more industry of attention every the most minute circumstance of this dark affair from the instant the sentence was made public. From that unreinited observation I formed this opinion. Mr. Byng, by nature a vain man, by birth the son of a hero, was full of his own glory, and apprehensive of forfeiting any portion of what had descended on him. He went, conscious of the bad condition of his ships and men, to dispute that theatre with the French, on which his father had shone over the Spaniards; and he went persuaded that he should find a superior enemy. He dreaded forfeiting the reputation of forty years of brave service; he looked on Minorca as lost, and thought it could not be imputed to him. He had sagacity enough (without his strict orders) to comprehend, that if Gibraltar followed St. Phillip's, which he knew would be the case if he was defeated, that loss would be charged on him: and after all, to mis-

lead him, he had the addition of believing that he had satisfied his duty by obliging the French to retire. This seems to have been the man. He was, if I may be allowed the expression, a coward of his glory, not of his life—with regard to that, poor man! he had an opportunity of showing he was a hero.

As the day approached for the execution of the admiral, symptoms of an extraordinary nature discovered themselves. Lord Hardwicke had forgot to make the clergy declare murder innocent, as the lawyers had been induced to find law in what no man else could find sense. Lord Anson himself, in midnight fits of weakness and wine, held forth at Arthur's on his anxiety to have Mr. Byng spared; and even went so far as to break forth abruptly to Lord Halifax, the admiral's relation by marriage, "Good God! my lord, what shall we do to save poor Mr. Byng?" The earl replied, "My lord, if you really mean it, no man can do so much towards it as yourself." Keppel, a friend of Anson, and one of the judges, grew restless with remorse. Lest these aches of conscience should be contagious, the King was plied with antidotes. Papers were posted up with paltry rhymes, saying,

"Hang Byng,
Or take care of your King."

Anonymous letters were sent to terrify him if he pardoned; and, what could not be charged too on mob-libellists, he was threatened, that unless Mr. Byng was shot, the city would refuse to raise the money for Hanover.

The fatal morning arrived, but by no means met by the admiral with reluctance. The whole tenor of his behaviour had been cheerful, steady, dignified, sensible. While he felt like a victim, he acted like a hero. Indeed, he was the only man whom his enemies had had no power to bend to their purposes. He always received with indignation any proposal from his friends of practising an escape; an advantage he scorned to lend to clamour. Of his fate he talked with indifference; and neither shunned to hear the requisite dispositions, nor affected parade in them. For the last fortnight he constantly declared that he would not suffer a handkerchief over his face, that it might be seen whether he betrayed the least symptom of fear; and when the minute arrived, adhered to his purpose. He took an easy leave of his friends, detained the officers not a moment, went directly to the deck, and placed himself in a chair with neither ceremony nor lightness. Some of the more humane officers represented to him, that his face being uncovered, might throw reluctance into the executioners; and besought him to suffer a handkerchief. He replied with the same unconcern, "If it will frighten *them*, let it be done: they would not frighten *me*." His eyes were bound; they shot, and he fell at once*.

*It has often been remarked, that who-

ever dies in public, dies well. Perhaps those, who, trembling most, maintain a dignity in their fate, are the bravest: resolution, on reflection, is real courage. It is less condemnable than a melancholy vain-glory, when some men are ostentatious at their death. But surely a man who can adjust the circumstances of his execution beforehand; who can say, "Thus I will do, and thus;" who can sustain the determined part, and throws in no unnecessary pomp, that man does not fear—can it be probable he ever did fear? I say nothing of Mr. Byng's duels; cowards have ventured life for reputation: I say nothing of his having been a warm persecutor of Admiral Matthews: cowards, like other guilty persons, are often severe against failings, which they hope to conceal in themselves by condemning in others: it was the uniformity of Mr. Byng's behaviour from the outset of his persecution to his catastrophe, from whence I conclude that he was aspersed as unjustly, as I am sure that he was devoted maliciously, and put to death contrary to all equity and precedent†.

* [The following extract from our author's private correspondence in MS. corroborates the account given in the text, and, as it contains some further particulars, may be acceptable to the reader.—ED.]

March 17, 1757.—"Admiral Byng's tragedy was completed on Monday—a perfect tragedy—for there were variety of incidents, villainy, murder, and a hero. His sufferings, persecutions, aspersions, disturbances, nay, the revolutions of his fate, had not in the least unhinged his mind; his whole behaviour was natural and firm. A few days before, one of his friends standing by him, said, "Which of us is tallest?" He replied, "Why this ceremony? I know what it means; let the man come and measure me for my coffin." He said, that being acquitted of cowardice, and being persuaded on the coolest reflection, that he had acted for the best, and should act so again, he was not unwilling to suffer. He desired to be shot on the quarter-deck, not where common malefactors are:—came out at twelve—sat down in a chair, for he would not kneel, and refused to have his face covered, that his countenance might show whether he feared death; but being told that it might frighten his executioners, he submitted; gave the signal at once; received one shot through the head, another through the heart, and fell."

† Many years after that tragedy was acted, I received a most authentic and shocking confirmation of the justice of my suspicions. October 21, 1783, being with her Royal Highness Princess Amelia at her villa at Gunnersbury, among many interesting anecdotes which I have set down in another place, she told me, that while Admiral Byng's affair was depending, the Duchess of Newcastle sent Lady Sophia Egerton to her, the Princess, to beg her to be for the execution of Admiral Byng. They thought, added the Princess, that unless he was put to death, Lord Anson could not be at the head of the Admiralty. Indeed, continued the Princess, I was already for it; the officers would never have fought, if he had not been executed. I replied, that I thought his death most unjust, and the sentence a most absurd contradiction.

* Lady Sophia Egerton was wife of a clergy-

The room we have devoted to the affair of Byng precludes us from going further into these Memoires at present; we shall, therefore, conclude with an anecdote of the popularity of Pitt and Legge on their leaving the ministry:—

"The stocks fell; the Common Council voted the freedom of the city both to Pitt and Legge*; Sir John Barnard alone giving a negative. Allen of Bath procured them the same honour from thence; and for some weeks it rained gold boxes: Chester, Worcester, Norwich, Bedford, Salisbury, Yarmouth, Tewksbury, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Stirling, and other populous and chief towns following the example. Exeter, with singular affectation, sent boxes of heart of oak. On the other hand, a paper was affixed to the gate of St. James's with these words, "A secretary of state much wanted; honesty not necessary; no principles will be treated with."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Retrospection; with other Poems. By Arthur Brooke. 12mo. pp. 130. London, 1822.

MR. BROOKE, if we may judge by the portrait prefixed to this work, is a very handsome young gentleman; and that he writes very gentlemanly poetry, he has already proved by three or four small volumes of poems that have previously appeared. The principal poem in the present volume—*Retrospection*, has been written with the view of developing the formation, progress, and results of the author's opinions. What these opinions are, we learn from the opening passage:—

"The bleakest pinnacle to him who long
With bleeding feet hath toiled to gain the
height

Of some huge mountain, is a blessed spot;
The luxury of repose can compensate
To him for its unjoyous solitude,
And as his languid limbs he stretches there,
To him the hardness of his flinty couch
Is sweeter than the most delicious bower
That ever soothed a lover's noon-day dream.

"So rests my spirit now upon a point
Unenviable indeed to those who ne'er
Have felt the torture of unresting steps
Up the ascent of life, who never knew
The agony of him who, while he strove
With every outward ill, yet bore within
The sightless load of unexpressed despair.
The intermitted pang of pausing pain—
Not pleasure,—that may hardly bloom again
In bosoms that have borne a blight like mine,
Is all of joy that I may claim on earth:

man, afterwards Bishop of Durham. What a complication of horrors! women employed on a job for blood!"

* A card was published representing Pitt and Legge, like Don Quixote and Sancho Pança, in a triumphal car, with this motto,
Et sibi Consul

Ne placeat, servus curru portatur eodem.—JUR.

rit, but her Scottish dialect was carried to a sad extreme; and this lady did not make that distinction between her coquetry and sincerity with Egerton which the play demanded. The play was received with the most unequivocal applause. It was repeated on Tuesday and Thursday to crowded and elegant audiences.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—We understand that the new managers of this theatre intend to make an effort to restore the legitimate drama, and not to make it a mere place of spectacle; and we trust that the public will support them in an attempt so truly laudable. On Tuesday, Mr. Charles Kemble made his first appearance this season, in the character of Charles Surface, in Sheridan's matchless comedy, the *School for Scandal*; but, as it would be a libel on the good taste of our readers to suppose any of them unacquainted with the admirable manner in which he sustains the character, we shall only say that we never saw him play it better. The Sir Peter Teazle of Farren, and the Lady Teazle of Mrs. Davison, are equally familiar to the public. The play attracted one of the most crowded audiences of the season.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—The entertainments of this theatre are calculated to suit all classes of society. Those who wish to be amused by the richest store of comic humour that one actor ever produced, may repair to Mathews, to hear him relate the adventures of his *youthful days*, and they will not be disappointed. The young, the studious, and all who wish to instruct as well as recreate the mind, will find a visit to Mr. Bartley's Lecture on Astronomy, illustrated by valuable and rich apparatus, a fine intellectual treat.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—We learn, that after *Tom and Jerry* have run their career at this house, as limited by the Lord Chamberlain, they intend to escape from his lordship's guardianship, and take a trip to Dublin, where Mr. Harris is preparing for their reception.—Here they continue in undiminished popularity.

Mr. Alexandre, the French Ventriloquist, has returned from a very successful tour in the country, and intends soon to resume the exhibitions of his extraordinary talents in town.

DRURY LANE THEATRICAL FUND.
The anniversary dinner of the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund was celebrated on Wednesday, at the Freemason's Tavern: the Duke of York in the

chair. After the usual toasts and songs had been given,—

The Earl of Yarmouth proposed the health of the royal chairman, of whose humanity and zeal in the cause of the two theatrical funds, he spoke in terms of just praise.

The Duke of York, in returning thanks, begged to call the attention of the assemblage to the more immediate object of their meeting. It need only to be mentioned, he was convinced, and their feelings as a natural consequence would be excited. The many benefits flowing from the judicious disposition of the fund, were known to every man present, and, without further preface he would propose, 'Prosperity to the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund.'

Mr. Kean returned thanks on behalf of the institution, in an eloquent and impressive speech. He said he rose with feelings not only charged, but overcharged with gratitude to the illustrious individual who presided, and who was ever ready to open his hand when public charity called upon his benevolence. Many persons had raised their aged and withered hands to Heaven to beg blessings upon the head of their illustrious benefactor! It was owing to a generous public's beneficence, that many persons, who, in the vigour of their youth and the strength of their talent, had amused and instructed society, were not, in the decline of life, obliged to drag on their days in penury and dependence. The feelings of his royal highness would be his best thanks. His beneficence had anticipated the solicitations of charity. He was always led to understand, that the virtues of the sovereign were the best inheritance of the people. The disposition of Englishmen had converted a duty into a passion, and made their judgment follow their inclinations. He would say, in behalf of those persons whose distresses the royal duke's benevolence had contributed to alleviate, that the objects of the institution had cherished his name with gratitude and devotion; and he was never mentioned but as the kind friend to the poor player, who—

'Struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is seen no more.'

Within those walls charity was to be found divested of her drapery; here the artisan joined with the nobleman in assisting a great public charity. His Royal Highness did not look to man for reward. He did not look for any recompense but the acknowledgment of the recording angel, who would write the royal name in the book of life, with those of some of the kind friends of the institution, who, since their last anniversary, had passed to that "bourne from whence no traveller returns." There was no earthly pleasure without its alloy, and the hilarity of the present day must be dimmed with the tear which gratitude consecrated to the memory of those who are gone. It could not be unknown to those whom he

addressed, that, during the last fifty years, merit and misfortune had never wanted a friend in the much lamented Mr. Coutts. The professional talents and amiable character of the late Miss Pope, must also be well known; and he was happy to say, that she had bequeathed £500 to the Drury Lane Fund: Charity had thus heralded her approach to happiness. He said he was absent on the last anniversary; but though the waves of the Atlantic had rolled between him and the country of his birth, never did heart beat with more fervency than did his in the land of the stranger. He concluded with saying that he was happy in seeing the noblest spirits in the land assembled there that night, to dry up the tears of distressed talent.

Mr. Elliston rose to return his acknowledgments on behalf of himself and his brother actors. From his earliest years he had been devoted to theatrical pursuits. He had commenced his dramatic career at a salary of 20s. per week, and had proceeded in it with ardour and enthusiasm; and he had ended at the *maximum* of theatrical remuneration. He might be therefore supposed to know from experience the vicissitudes of a player's life—his hour of hope and his hour of depression; and knowing these things, he might be supposed to take them into account in the management of an establishment of which he was the head. His place was certainly not to be compared to a bed of roses, but having endeavoured to do his duty to all, he rested under the impression that he had received credit for rectitude of intention; and he hoped that, when the feeling of rivalry had subsided, a share of that posthumous fame which perhaps was the true test of an actor's merit, would, by impartial posterity, be allotted to him.

Mr. Kean announced the receipt of 100l. from his Majesty, and enumerated the various subscriptions, the total amount of which was 1300l.

'The Covent Garden Theatrical Fund' was next given.

The health of the stewards being given,

Mr. Cooper returned thanks in a very handsome and eloquent manner. He said the present was a moment more than sufficient to compensate the toils of life. An impetus was given to the energies of a young actor, and from the approbation he received he derived the best reward for the past, and the greatest encouragement for the future. The feelings which rushed from his heart to his tongue were the best eloquence—they spoke for themselves.

Several other toasts were given, and the company, which had been enlivened with some airs from the gallery by Mrs. Bland, Miss Forde, and Miss Povey, separated.

Literature and Science.

Mitta, the capital of the province of Courland, is distinguishing itself by the progress it is making both in lite-

ature and the arts. There are there now several important private collections of paintings; and the Literary Society and Museum, established about four years ago, are at present in a flourishing condition. The members of the former have produced several interesting scientific papers; while the latter now contains a valuable collection of curiosities in natural history, antiquities, paintings, &c.

Mr. W. Davis has in the press, riddles, charades, and conundrums, the greater part of which have never been published, with a preface on the antiquity of riddles!

The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
'Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.'*

LUCRETIVS.

Conspiracy against Lawyers.—A society has been formed in Pittsfield (Massachusetts), the members of which are to refrain from going to law with their brethren, and are required to settle all disputes between themselves, however important, by arbiters, selected from a board created for that purpose, who receive, in compensation, at the rate of 75 cents. per day. It is called the 'Adam's Patriotic Economical Society,' and now consists of 200 of the most respectable citizens.—(*New York Papers.*)

American Senators.—We mentioned some time since, the charge preferred by the Franklin Gazette, against Gov. Heister, of Pennsylvania, that he did not write his speech to the Legislature, and the reply of Col. Binns, of the Democratic Press, who said he wrote the inaugural Address of Gov. Findlay, lately elected to the Senate of the United States by those opposed to Gov. Heister. Since that time, we believe little has been said about the incompetency of the latter, or the superior acquirements of Mr. Findlay. The editor of the Democratic Press now announces that he has lately been put in possession of several original letters, of a very extraordinary character, in the hand writing of Mr. Findlay, and 'so execrably written that it is almost impossible to decipher them.' For example, says the Press, 'the letter of Mr. Findlay now before us, under date of "April 22, 1817," consists of twenty-seven lines. In it there are *nine* erasures and *seven* interlineations. There are more than *twenty marks*, intended as words, to which no meaning can be attached, except when taken in connection with what precedes and what

follows them; there are some hundred *orthographical* errors, and they put all grammar at defiance.' One instance of orthography is given by the Press, which is curious enough, and which we believe it would puzzle any man but Gov. Findlay to equal. The word *conversation* contains but *twelve* letters, and in spelling it, Mr. F. has made *fifteen* errors! In accomplishing this, *six* letters are introduced which do not belong to the word, and *nine* letters are omitted which are required correctly to spell the word. There are other words as badly put together as this.—*New York Spectator*, Jan. 29.

When Caroline, Queen Consort of George II., wished to shut up St. James's Park, and asked Sir Robert Walpole what it would cost her to do it;—he replied, 'only a *crown*, Madam.'—*Lord Orford's Memoirs*.

Captain Cunningham, who had been ill-used in the British service, and had retired to Leghorn, no sooner heard of the meditated attack on Minorca by the French, than he said, 'they will want engineers,' and immediately sold all he had, bought provisions and ammunition, and flung himself into St. Philips. This gallant man died in the Island of Guadaloupe, at the taking of which he served in 1759.

Radishes.—Birds eagerly seek after radishes as soon as they rise in the ground, and it is customary for gardeners to employ women at a great expense to remove the straw which covers them, supposing that they require the sun to vegetate;—this is erroneous; it is therefore only necessary to turn the straw in the morning and evening; the radishes will grow to a size and flavour, and escape being devoured by the birds. J. R. P.

The Olden Time.—From the household book of the Earl of Northumberland, it appears that my Lord and Lady had set on their table for breakfast, at seven in the morning, one quart of beer, as much wine, two pieces of salt fish, six red herrings, four white ones, or a dish of sprats! What would many ladies'-maids say now to such 'shocking vulgar fare.'

Forks were not used in England till between the 16th and 17th centuries. The half barbarous Persians now take the meat up with their fingers, just as the English did before that period. When Tom Coryate the traveller introduced from Italy the practice of eating with a fork, he got the nickname of *Furcifer*!

Zimmerman, the celebrated physi-

cian, went from Hanover to attend Frederic the Great, in his last illness. One day the king said to him,—'you have, I presume, sir, helped many a man into another world.'—'Not so many as your majesty, nor with so much honour to myself,' was the reply.

The luxury of paved streets was not known in London till the eleventh century. In 1090, Cheapside was of such soft earth, that when the roof of Bow church was blown off by a gale of wind, four beams, each 26 feet long, were so deeply buried in the street, that only about 4 were seen above the surface. Holborn was not paved till 1417, before which time it was impassable on account of the mud. Smithfield was paved in 1614: and it was only in 1762, that paving the streets were ordered by a general Act of Legislature.—It was not before 1414, that the streets were lighted, when lanterns were used for that purpose.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

LABIENUS'S Third Letter on Homer in our next. The next number of the *Literary Chronicle* will contain an original poem, by the unfortunate Dr. Dodd.

'Literary Busy Bodies' in our next.

The communications of Messrs. Davison, Fleming, and Hatt, shall have early insertion.

D.'s poem we have but scanned superficially; however, we think it worth a second reading.

We should be happy to see the poem alluded to by E. B. whose initials should have been affixed to 'The Bud in embryo blooming,' in our last, instead of G. B.

'The Self-Destroyer, a Poem,' ought to be destroyed; and the author of the 'Dream' is evidently not awake to poesy.

We are sorry that we cannot insert Nosred's poem, as originally intended; in this instance, we are persuaded that 'second thoughts are best.'

What could induce a correspondent to send us a review of 'Warwick's Spare Minutes?' We neither deal in 'anticipatory inspections,' like our cotemporary of the 'Cunningyge Advertiser,' nor in criticising old works of merit, like our good friends of the Retrospective Review. We catch books as the poet caught living manners, 'as they rise.'

We regret to hear complaints of repeated disappointments in the supply of our Country Literary Chronicle.—A very few only are printed beyond those regularly ordered; and, consequently, the Country Literary Chronicle can seldom be procured after the day of publication. It is, therefore, respectfully recommended, that orders be given a few days before publication day, to the newsvenders or to our publisher.

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